

MARVEL®
30th June 90

THE REAL

№107 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404



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It's huge, has big sharp pointy talons and is covered in feathers. What could it be? Well, all shall be revealed when **The Real Ghostbusters** find a giant nest in this week's totally ectoplasmically enthralling **Winston's Diary!** Speaking of phantoms of the feathered variety, **The Real Ghostbusters** are called in to confront a beastly budgerigar that is terrorising a cattery in **Budgerig-aargh!** So whenever you hear of something going *cheap*, watch out, it could be a bad mad budgie!

As you wing your way through Issue one hundred and seven of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, you might notice that there is a special spooky colouring page that is just waiting to be brightened up. Also there's the final spooky instalment of **Video Nasties!** But don't worry, there'll be another huge story for you next week!

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Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT

ABC

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

FELINA FURPLURRSON'S HOME FOR CATS, BEVERLY HILLS...



I TRUST MY LITTLE BUBBLES WILL BE HAPPY HERE WHILE I'M AWAY.

AS ALWAYS, MRS VAN MOGGY! I... WHAT IS IT?

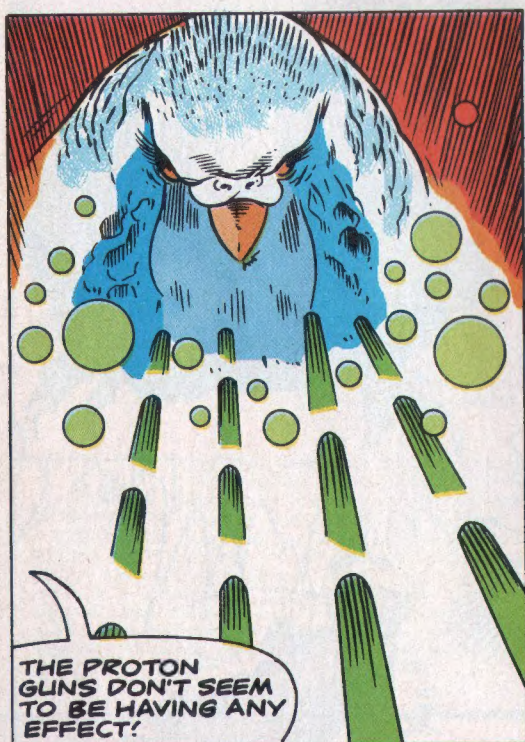
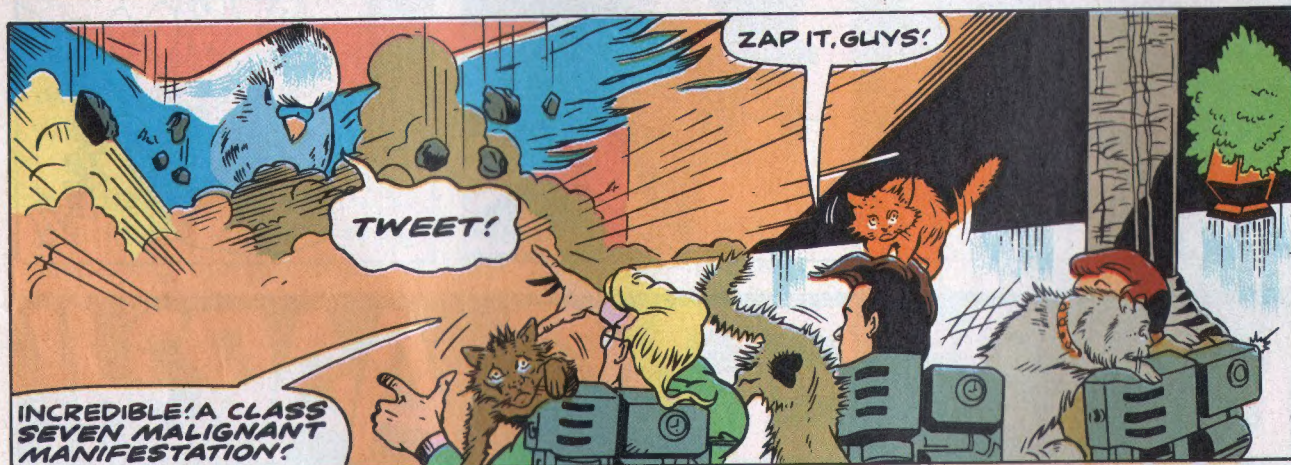
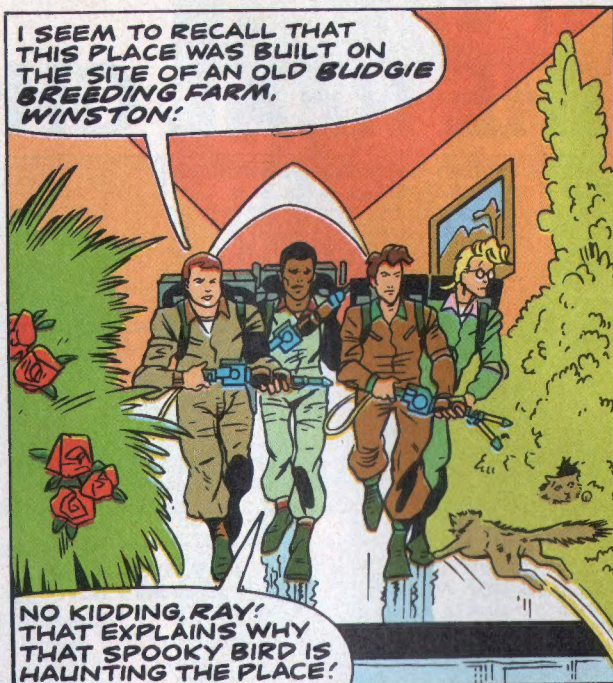
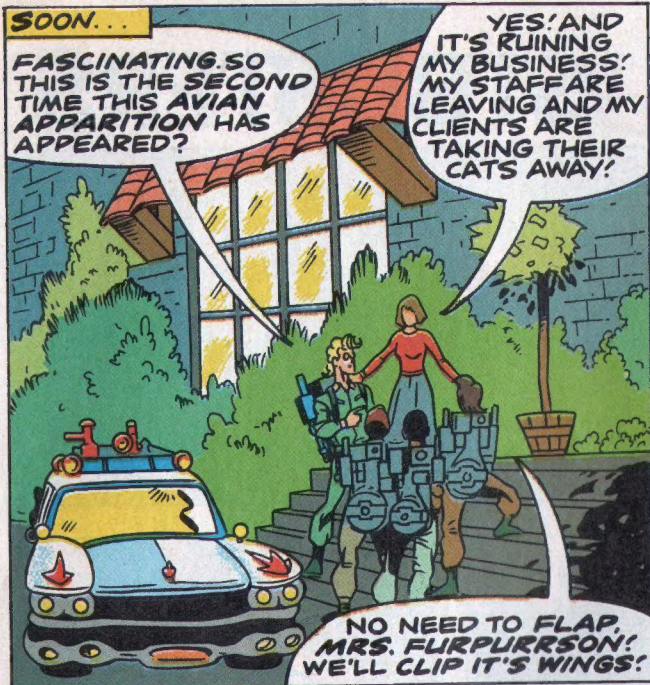


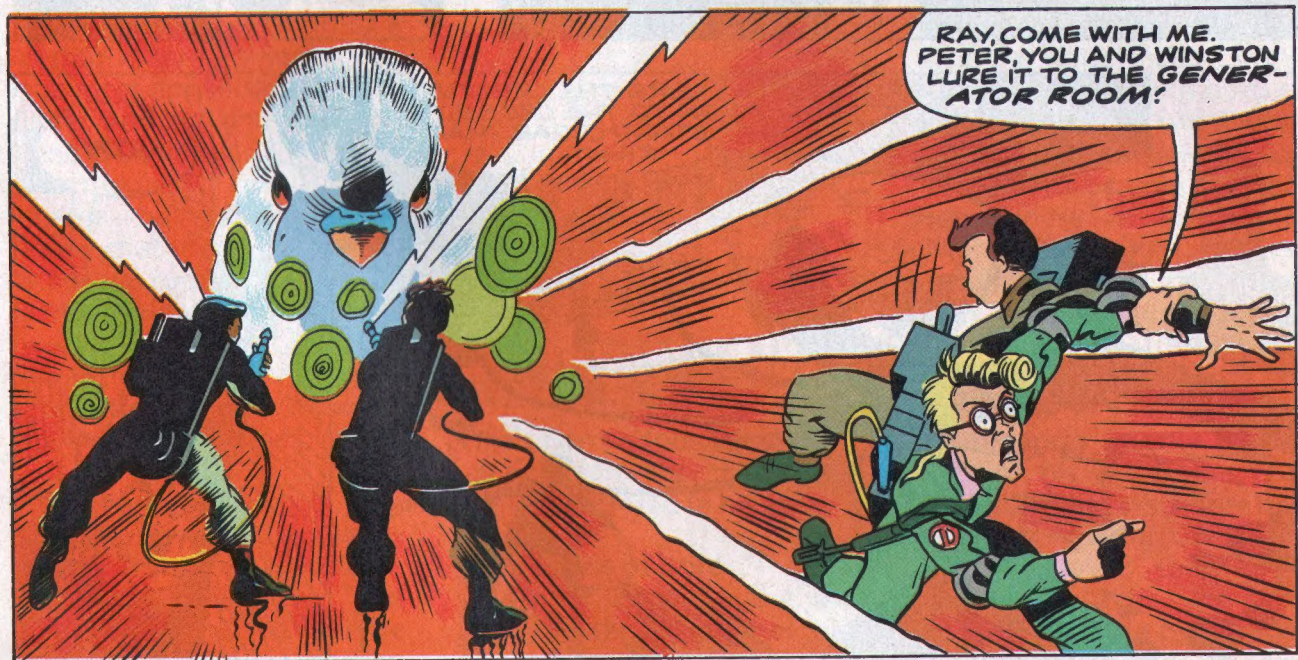
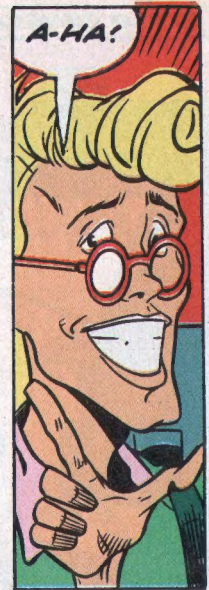
BUDGERIG-AARGH!

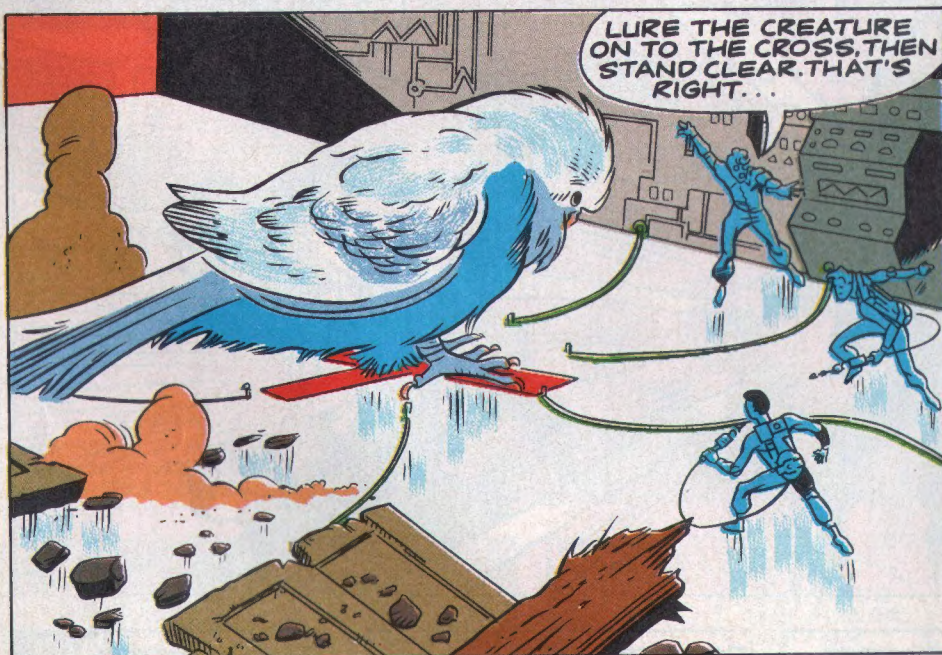
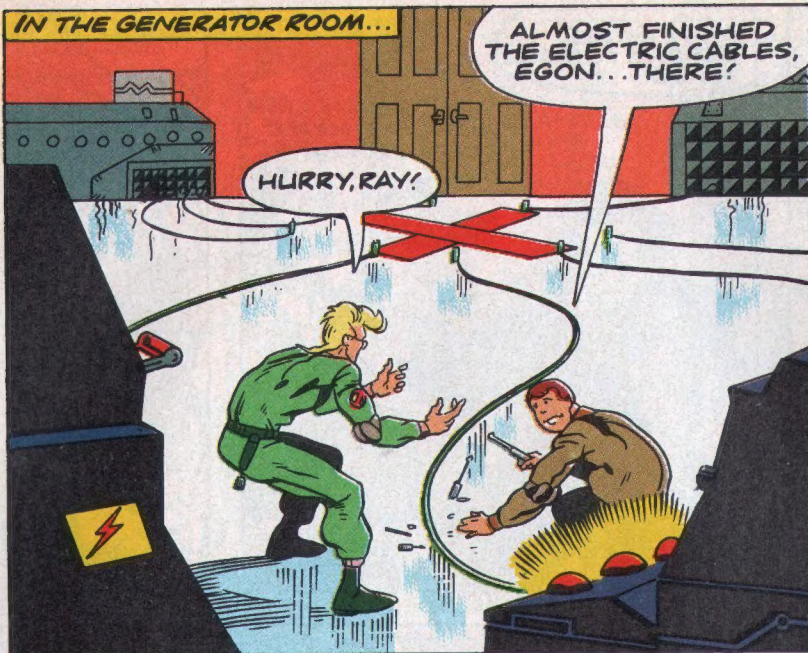


NO! NOT AGAIN! I'LL BE RUINED! I MUST CALL THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!

THUD!







SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Mention phantom birds and many people think of Bart Wesley and his notorious ectoplasmic cockatoo, and immediately dismiss the subject. That's fair enough to a certain extent – Wesley was the most appalling practical joker and no one had any idea that he was so good a ventriloquist. It's just a shame that he got on so many chat shows before the scam was rumbled. Any way, just because Wesley's bird was a hoax that doesn't mean every ornithological apparition is fake. Allow me to illustrate my point.

Edwin Algae Pie

The master of the Gothic horror story, Pie caused consternation wherever he went thanks to the massive black rook that perched on his shoulder. Friends and admirers believed this to be an affectation on Pie's part designed to make him seem more Gothic and interesting. However, it was on Pie's deathbed that the awful truth became known. As the old writer passed away, the rook fluttered up into the dim air above the bed and, in front of the astonished eyes of the family members assembled by the bedside, transformed into a massive Crathunian Hades-Horror and vanished. It was later realised that all the ideas for



PART 107

Pie's horrendous stories had come from the things the 'bird' muttered in his ear.

The Goose of Gold

Most of us know the old story of the goose that laid the golden eggs, and of how its owner, greedy to get rich as quickly as possible, killed the magic goose and cut it open to find all the eggs, only to discover the thing to be empty. Few people know the second part to this grim story, which can be read in full in Trumm's *Grimoire*. Later that winter, the goose returned in spirit form to get his revenge on his greedy and ungrateful master and the owner was found dead in bed the next day, crushed under nine hundred and thirty-six golden eggs...

The Humming Bird of Quito

The South American writer Jose Arcadio Cordoba reports that he was kept awake by a strange humming sound. Though it sounded like the noise made by the tiny nectar-drinking birds of his homeland, it was louder and more persistent and seemed to be coming from somewhere in his house. Night after night, he was kept awake by the noise, and took to hunting high and low for the source. Finally, on the verge of madness, he found a small, shimmering ghostly bird in one of his wardrobes that looked at him in surprise and stopped making the noise. "Why?" asked the frantic Cordoba. "Why are you humming?" The bird shrugged. "I don't know the words," it said.

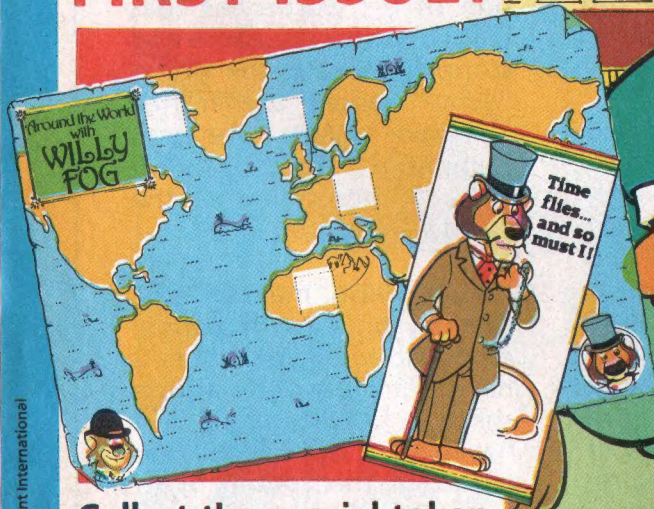
I might also mention the spectral pigeons of Penge, amongst whom several cats have got more than a little shock. Unfortunately, I haven't got time to tell you all about the Spooky Sparrows of Stepney which, despite having beaks much less sharp and pointy than those owned by the Baleful Buzzards of Barking, have been known to give milk bottles a basty peck of a morning.

Pack your bags and get ready!
It's time to go...

AROUND THE WORLD WITH

WILLY FOG

FREE
PULL-OUT MAP
AND STICKER IN
FIRST ISSUE!

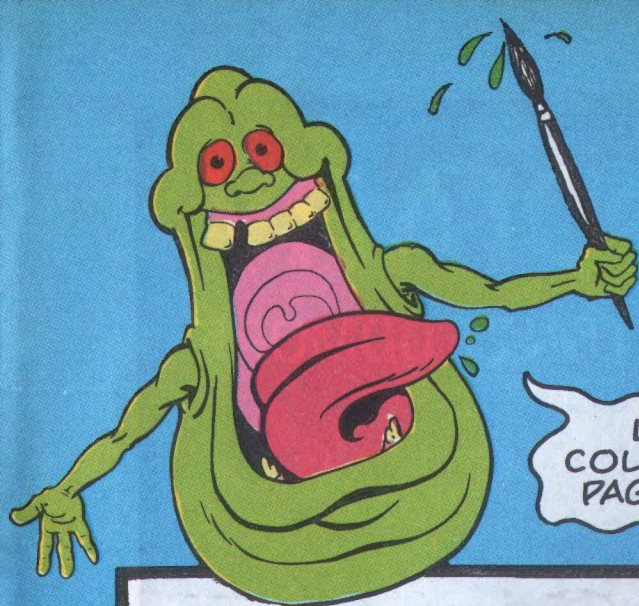


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SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!


LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Friday, 22nd June 1990

Sometimes, I just wish a mystery would stay a mystery. That way, instead of worrying about it day in, day out, you could just think 'well, I know this is always going to be a mystery so I'll stop thinking about it, or concerning myself with the fact that one day it might stop being a mystery and give me a solution to worry about and lose sleep over.' Some hope. Life doesn't work like that. Or, at least it doesn't work like that if you're a Ghostbuster. Remember back in April, when we found that massive egg in the Hudson River and took it back to HQ, but it hatched out and flew away when we weren't looking. Well, that was a mystery. I'd have been quite happy if that had stayed a mystery. I wasn't bothered about finding out what had been in the egg. Rest assured then, that life comes round my house, knocks on my door and gives me a bumper surprise parcel of answers, solutions, conclusions and explanations.



It started when Ray shuffled into Egon's lab with a plaintive wail of 'Waaaaaah.' I was busy helping Egon construct something he described as an 'Overhead Rebuff Entrapment Extensor' but which looked to me like a hat stand painted pink and held aloft on its side with nine legs made out of bent wire coat-hangers. "I'd just sat down to watch the start of the Wimbledon Tennis Championships

on Cable when the telly packed up. I am more than a little disappointed," Ray said.

The three of us set out to trace the problem, mainly in an effort to stop Ray going 'Waaaaaah' any more. The solution to this particular mystery (ahh! I hate them!) was eventually discovered by Egon whilst he balanced on my shoulders as I crouched on a ladder sticking out of the HQ skylight. Ray stood at the foot of the ladder saying encouraging things like 'Well?' and 'Any luck yet, fellows?' and less occasionally, 'Waaaaaah.'

'Our TV aerial and satellite dish aren't on the roof anymore. That's why we're getting a bad reception,' Egon called down.

"What do you mean they're not there any more?" I asked.

"Just what I said," replied Egon in a voice that had 'impending mystery' stamped all over it. 'The dish and the aerial have been *torn off* the roof!'

Saturday, 23rd June 1990

The next day, the mystery had well and truly arrived, hung up its coat, put down its suitcases and asked what time we generally ate dinner. Police reports informed us that nine thousand aerials and other rooftop paraphernalia had vanished in the New York area alone, as well as three miles of electrical pylons upstate, causing a massive blackout in two million homes and offices.

All across the city, power was failing and people's TV's weren't working. All across the city, people were going 'Waaaaaah.' Just before tea-time, with the HQ's equipment running off a back-up generator in the basement and all the phone lines down (gee, the ghosts of New York must have had a field day – no one could call us out!), just about then, anyway, a small doohicky machine in Egon's lab bleeped politely and chattered out a stream of read-outs. Egon's eyes narrowed as he read the report. "It seems my scanning devices are picking up a large magnetic anomaly across town. Another mystery . . ."

"Waaaaaah," I said, under my breath.

Across town, the four of us climbed out of ECTO-1 and gazed up at the anomaly. Peter whistled in a 'words cannot do this justice' kind of way. Hanging above us, supported on the tops of several large office blocks, was a mighty . . . nest. A bird's nest. But a bird's nest that was made up of twisted metal poles and aerials and pylons . . . a nest that was about a hundred yards across.



"Remember . . ." began Peter, "remember last Easter we found that really big egg and it hatched out and we never knew what was in it?"

"Yes . . ." we replied.

"Well, we're closer to the answer," Peter went on. "And you remember at the time I suggested it might have been the Easter Bunny?"

"Yes?" we replied again.

"Well, it isn't after all." Peter shrugged and scrambled forward to get a handhold on the lower debris of the nest. He began to pull himself upwards.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Up here," he replied. "What are you? Chicken?"

That's how we all came to be standing in the massive egg at the very worst possible moment. "It's massive," Ray was saying, "but it's empty. Hey, and it appears to be getting darker . . ."

The rest of his wittering was drowned out by the immense noise of wings the size of playing fields beating the air.

Egon had been right, way back at Easter – it was a Roc. Somehow the egg of this giant legendary bird, an eagle big enough to fly off with elephants in its claws, had found its way to New York from Arabia, and hatched out after we'd found it.

"Waaaaaah," we all said and opened fire with our Proton Guns just before it could settle on its nest and squash us all.

It barely felt the blast, probably, but it was just enough to make it change its mind and lift up into the air again. Squawking and cawing, it banked in mid-air, and the massive creature flew away towards the western horizon.

Sunday, 24th June 1990

This is the point in a story when the writer says 'and we never saw it again' but I reckon that's a lie. Something that big won't stay hidden for long. It'll be back and then we'll have to work out a way of busting it, though Egon figures that nothing can bust a thing as big as that. I hope that's a lie too . . . although I'd hate to see the sort of thing that could do a Roc any harm. Mysteries, mysteries, mysteries! I guess the mystery of the Giant Roc will solve itself in good time, just when I'm least ready for it. Waaaaaah.



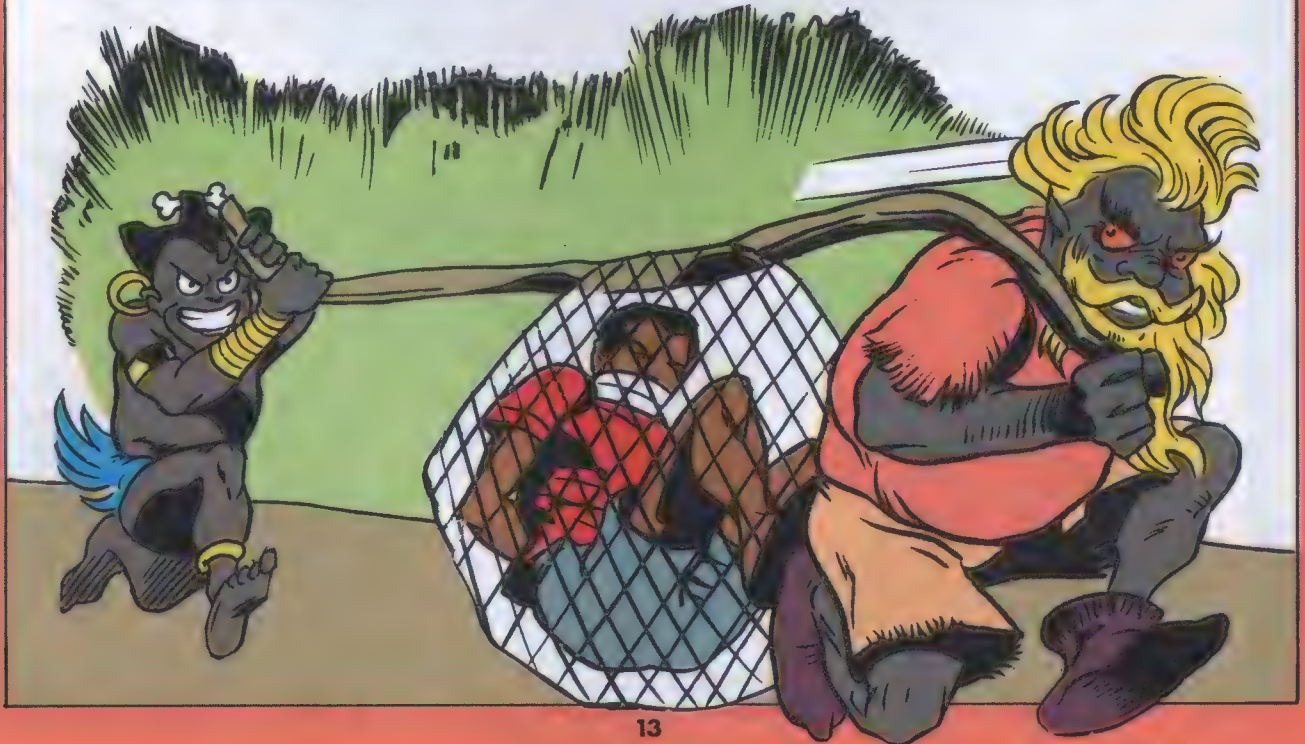
ROBINSON GRUESOME

An idyllically beautiful desert island paradise would seem to be the ideal place to spend your time, but when you are an old ship-wrecked sailor it can all get a bit too much for you. Robinson Gruesome was not only a shipwrecked sailor, though, he was a *dead* ship-wrecked sailor. Aided and abetted by his evil assistant, Man Friday the Thirteenth and a spooky parrot, Gruesome captured Winston and then Ray.

It must have been the never-ending wait for a rescue ship that drove poor Robinson mad, and it was this fact that gave Egon his idea of how to capture him. Trailing the ectoplasmic residue that the parrot left

behind, Peter was able to find and rescue Winston and Ray. Then they waited at the cliff-top where Egon planned to lure Gruesome with a fake rescue. Egon planned to rig up an imitation ship in order to capture him and so for hours the threesome waited for Egon until eventually, the great glowing ship arrived and an elated Gruesome and Friday climbed aboard.

Next morning, the threesome were feeling a bit sorry for the ghost as it had seemed so happy at the sight of the ship, until Egon arrived and apologised for not turning up due to a sudden bout of Flu. So who's was the rescue ship? As Egon would say – most unscientific!



WHAT IS PUZZLING THE **REAL** GHOSTBUSTERS™

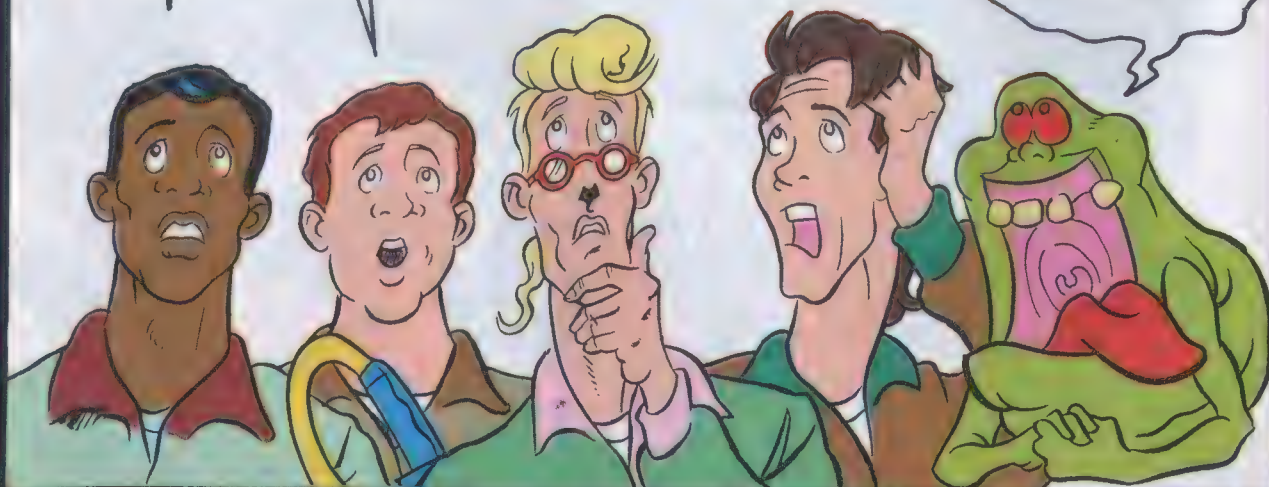


WORD
SEARCHES?
MAZES?

GAMES?
PUZZLES?

WHAT?
A BRAND NEW
MAGAZINE
CRAMMED FULL
OF PUZZLES
AND FUN?

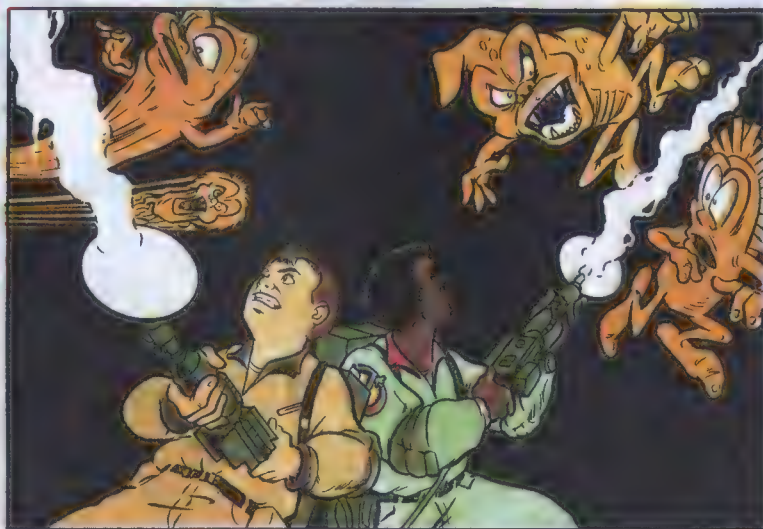
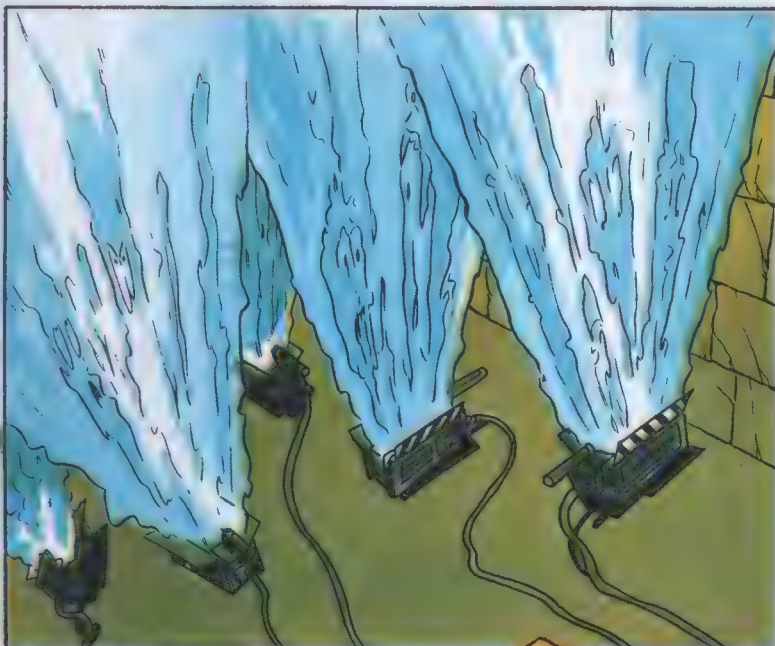
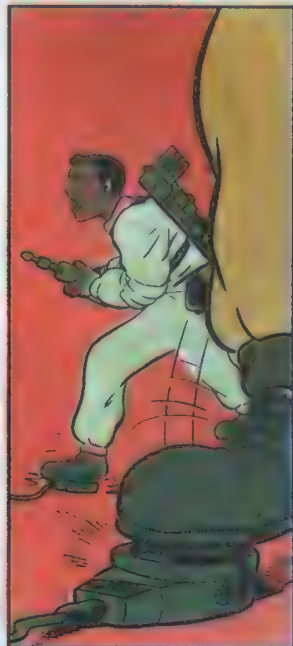
COMING
SOONEEE!

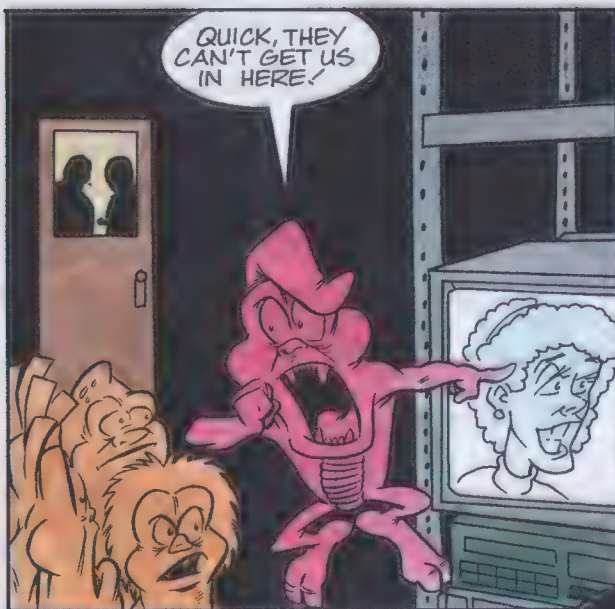


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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Four: Slimer has joined the ghosts who have taken over the TV station in order to help The Real Ghostbusters bust them!









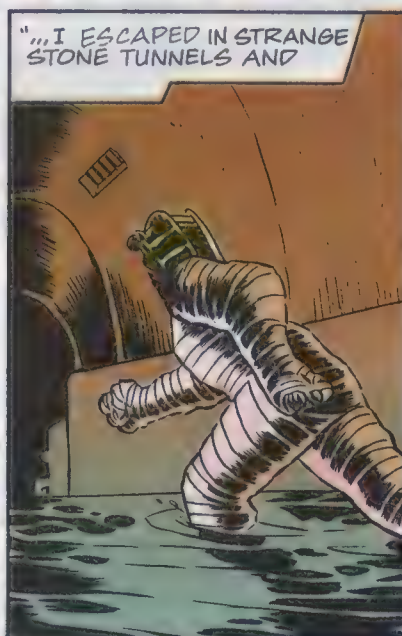
IT'S THE
NAMELESS ONE---
THE MUMMY FROM
KING TUT'S TOMB
WE BATTLED
RECENTLY!



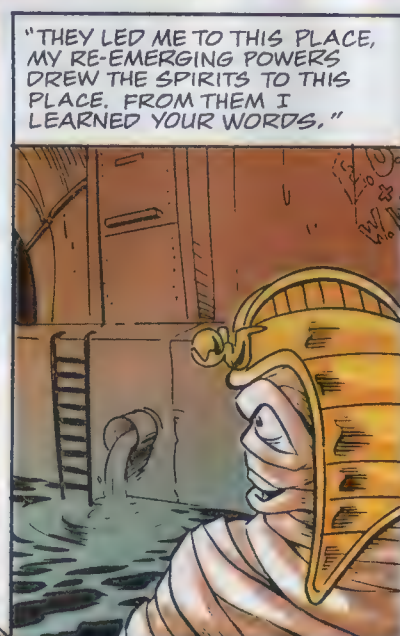
BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE UNDER THE RUBBLE
OF A BUILDING, ALL
SNUG AND DEAD!



"WHEN I ESCAPED BY
CRASHING THROUGH
THE FLOOR..."



"...I ESCAPED IN STRANGE
STONE TUNNELS AND



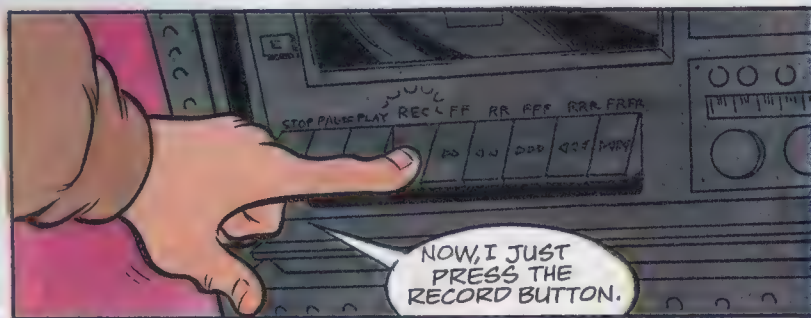
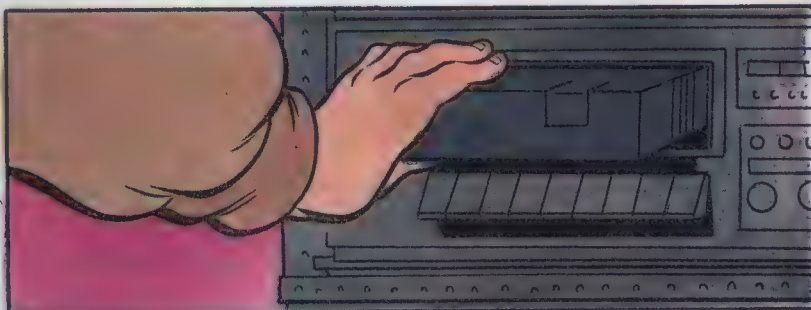
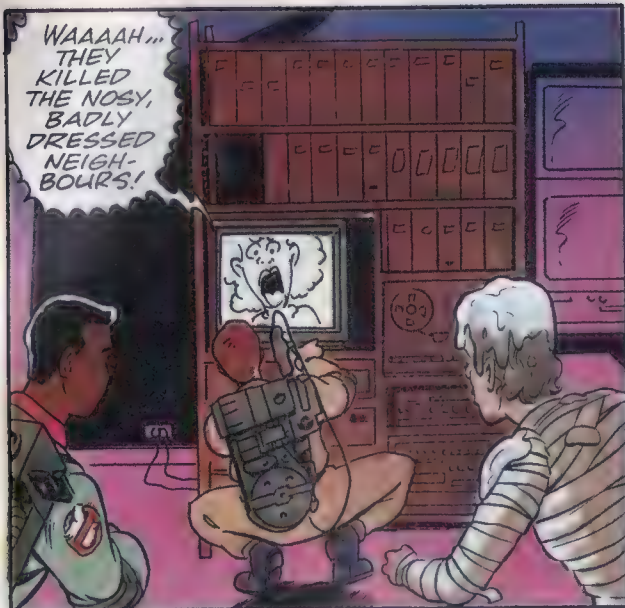
"THEY LED ME TO THIS PLACE,
MY RE-EMERGING POWERS
DREW THE SPIRITS TO THIS
PLACE. FROM THEM I
LEARNED YOUR WORDS."

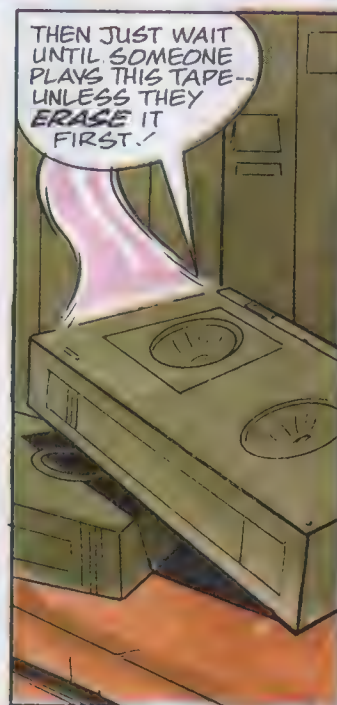
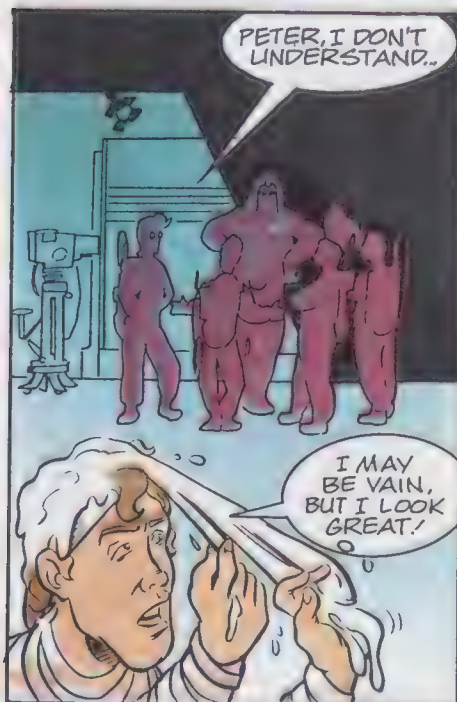
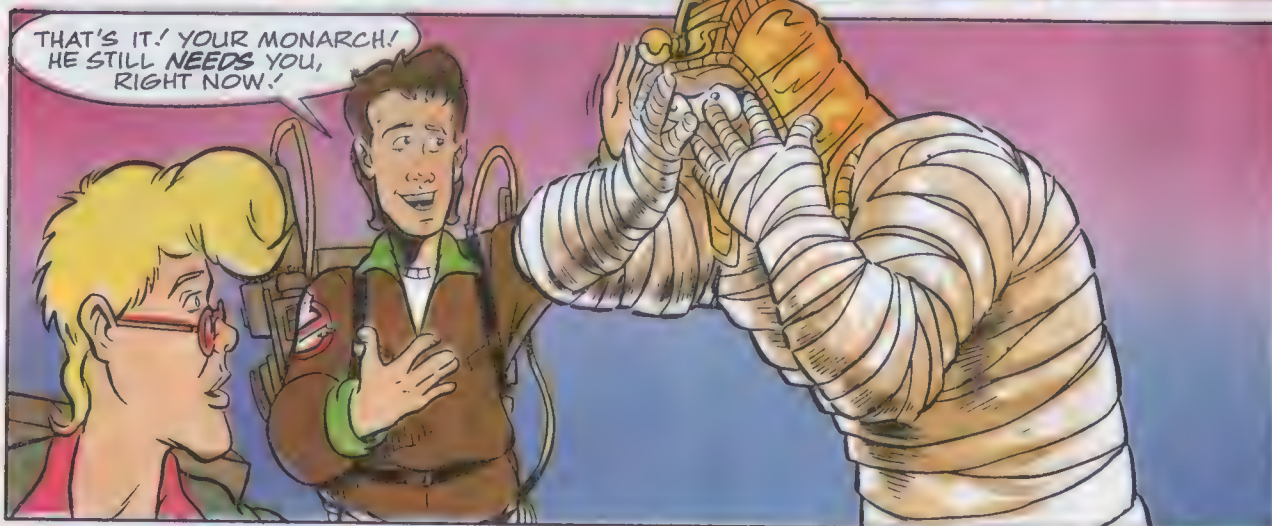


BUT WHAT TURNED
YOU INTO THE TV
PROGRAMMER EVERY-
ONE LOVES TO
HATE?



BY TAMPERING WITH
THE FOCAL POINT OF
YOUR CULTURE, I
KNEW YOUR
STRONGEST
MAGICIANS WOULD
COME OUT TO
BATTLE
ME.







SLIMER!

IT HAS MORE SLIME PER SQUARE INCH
THAN ANY OTHER COMIC-
AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?



ON SALE EVERY MONTH
From **Marvel**®

DEAD TRUE!



The Fortier family, Denise, Paul, and daughter Gisele, moved in to their new home in 1905 in Montreal, Canada. Paul was particularly looking forward to working on his second novel in the comfort of new surroundings; the first book, *Fields of Amaranth*, was already proving to be a minor success. However, their joy and enthusiasm was somewhat short-lived when Denise discovered from neighbours about the house's history of disasters. She became increasingly worried about stories of arson, murder, and suicide, and sought reassurance from her husband. His reaction completely dumbfounded her, instead of his usual consideration, she was confronted by a pitying stare – no words of comfort were offered at all.

Fear nagged at Denise until she could no longer stand it and she approached her local priest to exorcise the house. She told him of the cold pockets of air that seemed to follow her from room to room, and although the good man listened intently, Denise recognised that same look of pity that suggested doubt in her story.

That evening at dinner the mood was distressing. Paul hardly opened his mouth, except to drink. The child sensed the increasingly uncomfortable atmosphere and broke the stony silence to whisper: 'Please can we leave here soon. I woke last night, and even though the room was hot, my teeth were chattering.' Denise took her daughter upstairs to bed, trying to conceal her own fear. She tucked Gisele in to the security of her bed and kissed her gently. 'It

was only a bad dream,' she whispered.

Those words were the last Gisele heard her mother utter. She was woken again in the middle of the night, unprepared for what lay ahead. She opened her parents' door to find them lying by the bed. Her father was dead and her mother had been beaten unconscious.

The police investigations that followed concluded that the deaths had been the result of a bitter family quarrel, though neighbours revealed that in 1805 there had been a detention home for children built on the very same site as the Fortier's house. It was later burnt to the ground after two of the children had killed the couple who ran the home. Despite their young years the children were sentenced to death, swearing vengeance.



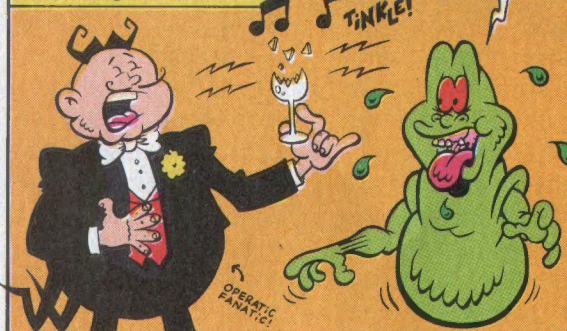
WELL SPOOK-EN!



BLIMEY!
IT'S...

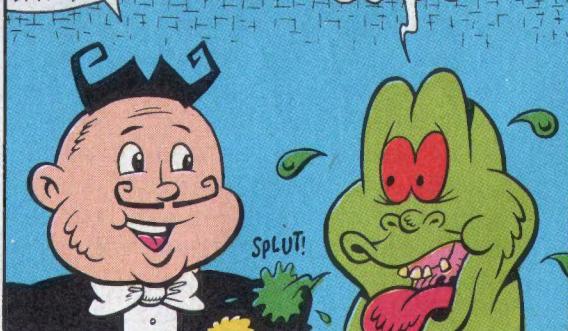
SLIMER!

FATISSIMO BELLINI, THE
OPERA SINGER, IS
TEACHING SLIMER
HOW TO SING...

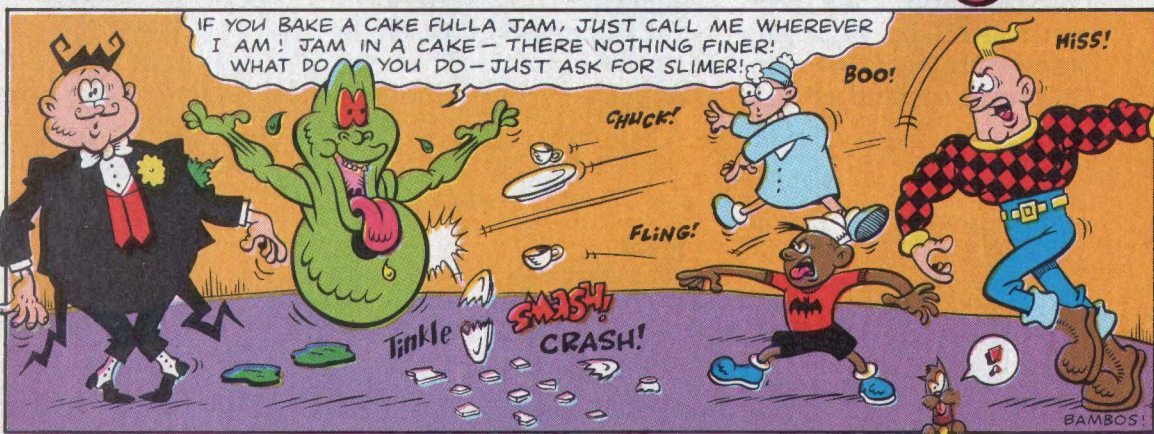


JEEPERS CREEPERS!
YOUR SING-A-LINGING
CRACK THE GLASS!

DAT'S A'RIGHT,
SLIMER! CAN
YOU DO
DAT?



YUP! I CAN BREAK
GLASS WHEN I
SING-A-LONG!



IF YOU BAKE A CAKE FULLA JAM, JUST CALL ME WHEREVER
I AM! JAM IN A CAKE - THERE NOTHING FINER!
WHAT DO YOU DO - JUST ASK FOR SLIMER!

CHUCK!

FLING!

Tinkle

SMASH!
CRASH!

Boo!

MISS!

BAMBOS!